

VOL. XLIX. No. 1259.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, April 17th, 1901.
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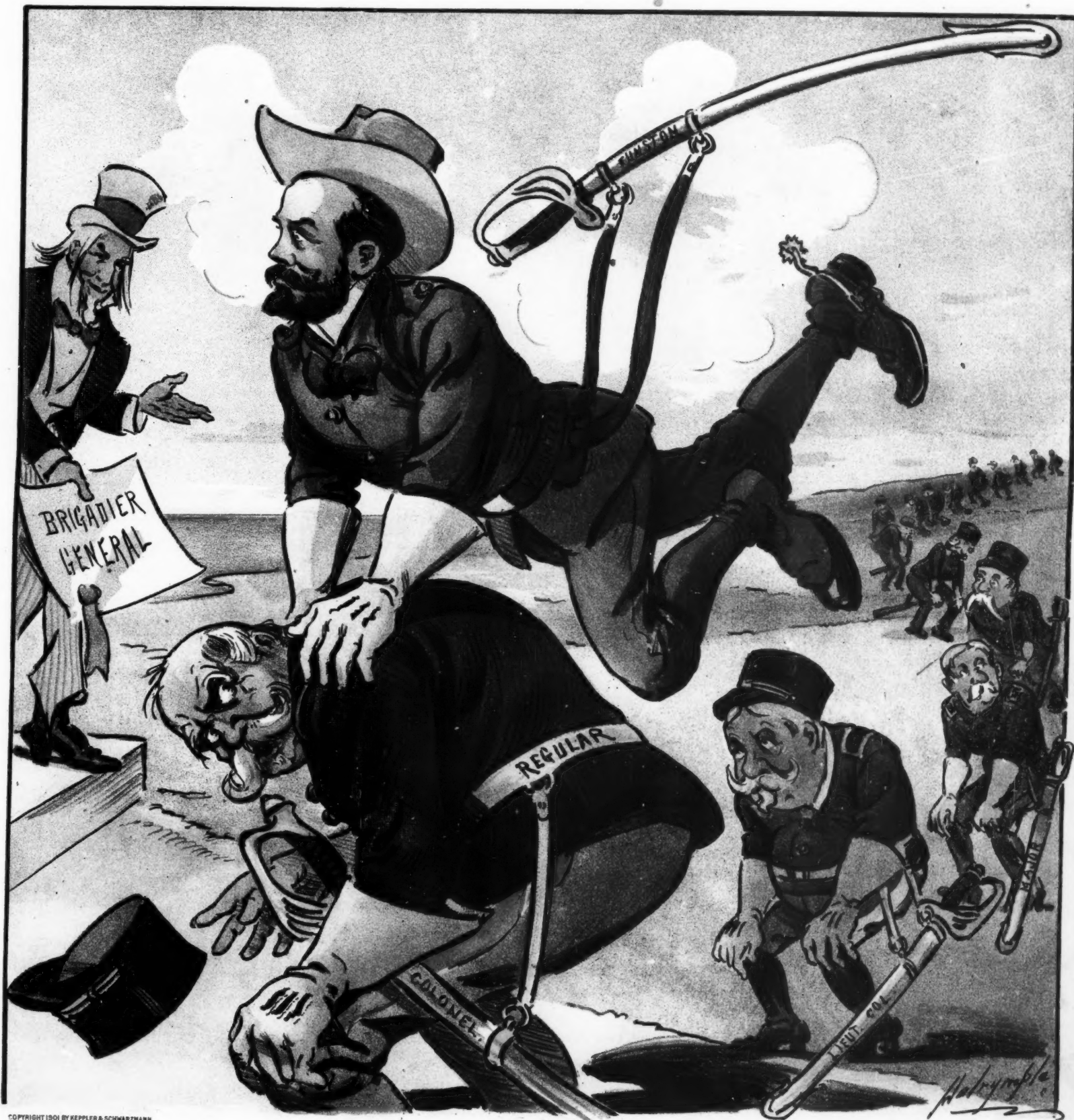
PRICE TEN CENTS.

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"What fools these mortals be!"

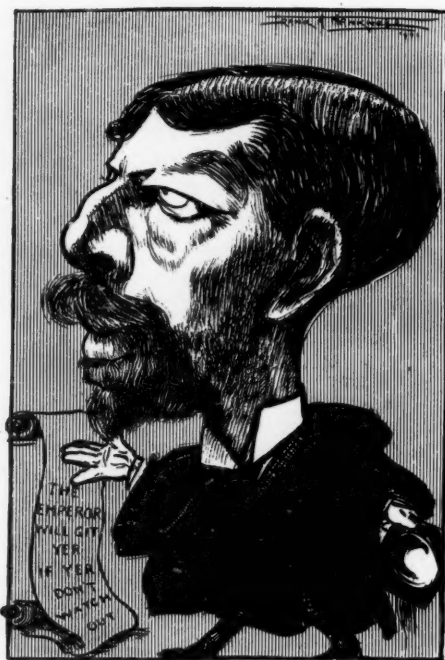
Ruck

Entered at N. Y. P. O., as Second-class Mail Matter.



ARMY LEAP-FROG.

THE ONE WHO "GETS THERE"—GETS THE PROMOTION.



PUCKOGRAPHS. — No. 100.

A COLLEGE PRESIDENT WHO REALLY THINKS THE COUNTRY HAS GONE TO THE DOGS.

danged if we don't bust them when Billy Bryan gets into the Presidential chair. Them 's my sentiments, anyhow."

MATERIAL FOR THE BARDS OF SONG.

POPULAR SONGS of America seem to have a geographical limit. It jars the patriotic Yankee to be told about the green fields of Virginia far away on one street, and then to learn that she was born in Old Kentucky around the corner. On Broadway he has "My Louisiana Lou" dinned into his ears, and on the Bowery "My Honolulu Baby" greets his sensitive ears. Georgia roses, Alabama coons, sunny Tennessee, and even Filipino maids are extolled in rag or other timed melodies, but not a word about good old New England. The limit seems to be even political, and confined to more or less Democratic states. Why not "My pretty Massachusetts Mill-hand," "My Rhode Island Rhody," "My Vermont Milkmaid," "My Smiling Maine Fisher-gal," "Connecticut Liz," or "New Hampshire Sal"?

RESTRICTED.

The man contemplated the flat with scorn. "There is n't room here," he exclaimed, "to amuse a baby!" The janitor timidly suggested that a trapeze might be hung in the airshaft, but the man would not listen to him.

THE REPORT that the British troops are to be equipped with a sword-bible, to be carried in one hand, is not officially confirmed.

NO FATTED CALF FOR CARNEGIE.

"It is time this man Carnegie was taught a lesson," said Deacon Puddkins at the town meeting of Rubbertown, N. J., in moving to reject an offer of the Laird of Conneaut to give fifty thousand dollars for a town library. "Someone must call a halt to his extravagance, and I'll be the man to do it. Just think of it! He says he wants to die poor, and I'll be bound he will if he keeps on a-givin' away his mess of pottage. He'll be a charge on the community before long, and I'm against a-permittin' of it. I suppose he thinks that when he has spent all he's got he can come around and say: 'Father, help me; I did eat of the husks the swine did eat. I'm repentant now.' Well, when he does, Deacon Puddkins won't be around to kill any fatted calf for him. The first thing he should do is to build a home for defunct millionaires; for I'll be

A FABLE OF THE LAW-MAKERS.

Once upon a time there were some Law-Makers who framed a Grab, or Appropriation Bill.

Now, there was a certain other Law-Maker who was not suffered to participate, it being deemed that he cut little or no Ice.

But this Law-Maker, as it chanced, could talk eighty-three hours at a Stretch; and, in the words of the day, he done so.

And the Grab was killed.

This fable teaches that the Right will often prevail, even under Enlightened Government.

CONSOLATION.

THE ASTRONOMER.—I wish I had discovered that star!

HIS WIFE.—Oh! I would n't worry, dear! There are so many others!

NO TEMPTATION.

THE CLOWN.—Now, Carlo, a new trick! This should bring an encore.

CARLO (*bitterly*).—Does he think I care for the applause of the multitude? I would n't give a wag of my tail to be a matinée idol!

HARD TO FIND.

DIOGENES.—I was called up by a party at a séance last night.

PLATO.—What did he want?

DIOGENES.—Wanted me to take my lantern to Shanghai and look for a truthful newspaper correspondent.

THE BUSINESS of J. Bull, cartographer, does not seem to prosper as it formerly did.



WAS PRESCRIBED A HOT BATH.

The Polar Bear, having contracted a cold, soaks his feet in the Gulf Stream.



NOT NECESSARILY.

MRS. BORESOME.—Out? It's rather annoying. We had an appointment with her.
THE MAID.—Yes, Ma'am; but that may not be why she went out.

APRIL.

ED SMITH is goin' barefoot; his mother said he might.
My mother says I must n't — she says it is n't right.
The ground's too cold for barefoot. I guess Ted's mother knows
How good it seems to wiggle the dirt between your toes!
And he's a-goin' swimmin' to-morrer, in the crick!
Ma says she won't allow me — the chill 'd make me sick.
And I must wait till Summer has come — Oh, shucks! You see,
That lets the other fellers get in ahead of me!

The perch are here in millions! Fat Jones he caught nineteen
While I was diggin' garden — I think it's mighty mean!
Fat Jones ain't got a mother. I bet you if he had
She would n't set him spadin' and shovelin' like mad.
There's suckers, too! Jes' bushels, I heard Luke Roberts say!
But 'fore I've finished workin' I s'pose they'll go away!
On Saturdays like these are, I call it pretty hard,
When kids are all off fishin', to have to rake the yard!

I've got a boil — Ma's givin' me sulphur for my blood.
Fat Jones, he says, to kill it jes' plaster it with mud.
He's won a lot of marbles — he showed me heaps and heaps.
I wish it was n't wicked for me to play for keeps.
My top got busted, Sunday (don't tell), behind the barn
When I was peggin' Reddy; — but I don't care a darn!
I'm trainin' for the field-day by runnin' round the block
Each night; — but, shucks! Ma makes me come in at eight o'clock.

These days, instead of bein' in some old grammar class
A feller feels like lyin' around and eatin' grass.
And when a flicker hollers, and thumps a tree, somewhere,
He has a sort of *longin'* and wishes he was there.
And if they'd only let him stay out-of-doors all Spring
He'd jes' as soon beat carpets, or do most anything!
Fat Jones, you bet, plays hookey! He says a kid's a fool,
When now the weather's dandy, to go and stick in school.

Edwin L. Sabin.

IT IS SAD, but true, that about the only people who are not kicking are those who are so busy that they really have n't the time.



A MODEL RELATIVE.

"I reckon Bobby's got a letter from his uncle."
"Should n't wonder. He's allus been purty kind to Bobby."
"Yes; he's the sort of feller that promises to give a boy a lot of presents if he's good, an' gives 'em to him anyhow."



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THE FARCE COMEDY.

"TELL YOU why I like the farce comedy," said the grizzled old janitor, as he loaded and lit his faithful pipe. "It is b'cuz it rests you so. There's no complicated plot to have to remember and keep up with as it twists and turns and convolutes through tangles and ramifications and blind alleys; no worryin' about how it is goin' to emerge in the end, and who is goin' to prove to be who. You know it will wind up with all concerned alive and well—unless, perchance, as they say in stories, one of 'em accidentally breaks his neck or busts a blood-vessel in his endeavors to please.

"After you have seen one farce comedy you know just about how any other one of 'em will go; that is, you do and you don't. For example, take one of them kee-lady-scoops that were so popular shortly after the planchette got on the hog; you knew how many pieces of different colored glass there were in it, but you could n't begin to prognosticate what sort of crazy-quilt patterns they would rattle themselves into when you turned the instrument around. So with the farce comedy; you are sure the performers will sing and dance when there ain't the least shadow of provocation or excuse—merrily pleadin' guilty and throwin' themselves on the mercy of the court, as it were—and smack each other with slap-sticks, and chop hatchets into each other's heads, and that the seats of the gentlemen's pants will have rubber gores in the sides and stretch out half way across the stage when they ketch 'em by the puckerin'-strap, and then fly back to where they belong and explode with a report like a blunderbuss.

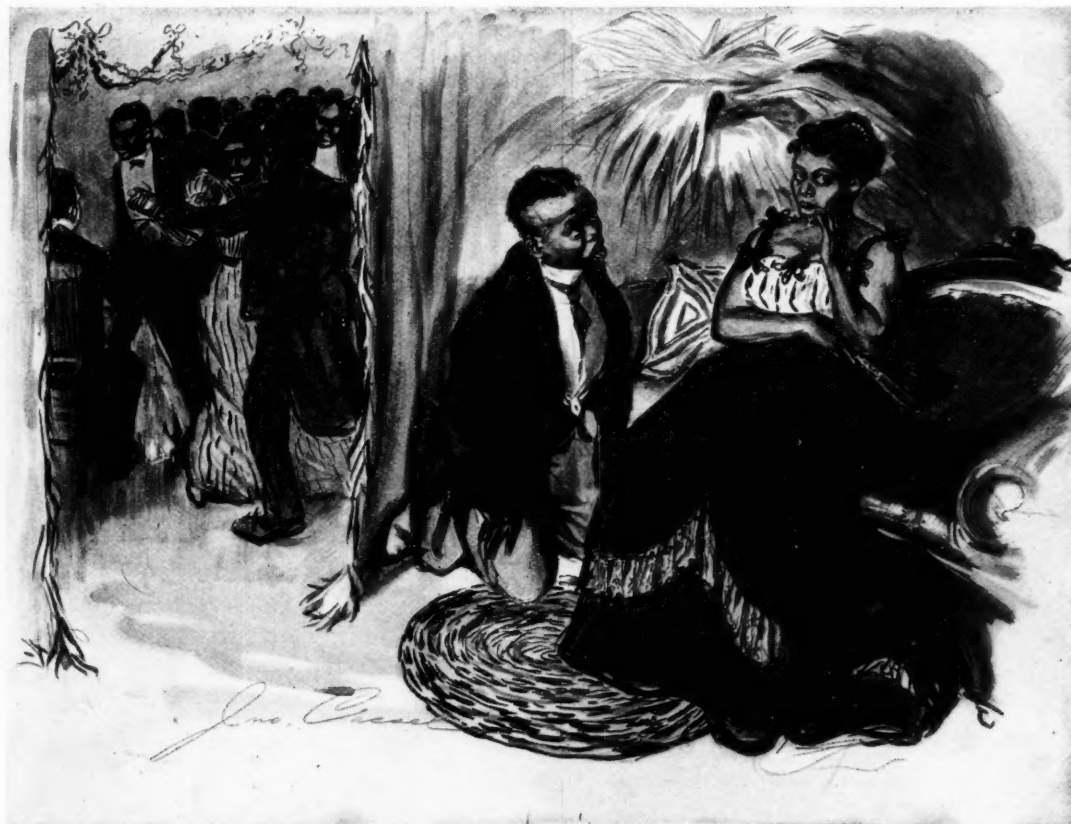
"And so on. You know about what they will do during the course of the evenin's entertainment, but you can't tell in advance just when they'll do it nor under what circumstances, distressin' or otherwise. It is like a Chinese puzzle: you are certain that everything goes, but you can't pick any particular piece out of the box and tell where it fits in nor what bounds it on the north or south. So, in spite of your familiarity with the general trend of the thing, you never know what is comin' next; you have all the restful feelin' of friendly acquaintance, and, at the same time, the delicious uncertainty of continuous novelty.

"There are some fundamental principles which I s'pose have remained unchanged clear from the time of 'Muldoon's Picnic,' which I presume was the pre-cursor of the farce comedies of to-day. The reseat calls for two comedians—Irish, of course; no other kind will do—one tall and genteel, the other short and built like a boot-jack set up on end; one small-sized sou-brette with a loud voice, one other young lady with a still louder voice, a bunch of slap-sticks, a few barrels with the hoops sawed nearly in two, a sufficiency of hatchets, pick-axes and mauls, plenty of etceterries, and a few other people that happen in and do specialties. Havin' caught 'em all, set 'em on a slow fire while you figger out your plot.

"Take anything that happens to occur to you—any sort of a cord to string the specialties on, like a clothes-line with a lot of garments and other raiment hung on it, and there you are. You don't need to bother about consistency, or provocations

for anything; the specialty people know how to make their own excuses as they go along. When the comedian is due to dance what is more natural than for him to announce that he feels sort of low-spirited and if the professor at the piano will kindly rattle the horse-teeth he will shake himself up a bit? Name your play anything you please; something like 'Gilhooley's Reception' is sufficiently vague and full of latitude to enable all hands to do anything they choose without bein' liable to arrest for obtainin' money under false pretenses. No prologue, or anything that way is required; when the sou-brette says she must hurry and dust the legs of the chairs b'cuz Pawpaw is expectin' Mr. Gilhooley every minute, and she just knows they will get as drunk as well-cooked owls, for that's the way with them politicians, and she believes he is as badly stuck on her as Cholly Puttigate is on Sister Nell, and she just hates the old gorilla, but she s'poses she must be civil to him, for Mr. Gilhooley is goin' to be elected to Congress, and it would be awful nice to be a Congressman's wife; why, that explains the whole situation—the audience is prepared not to be astonished at anything.

"Then, Pawpaw appears and says that it is time for Gilhooley and we must be ready to make him enjoy his visit, and upon me wur-rud here



A PROVISIONAL FIANCÉE.

MR. JOHNSON.—I adoah you, Miss Phoebe! Only name de day!

MISS PHOEBE.—W-a-a-l! How will de day you strike a stiddy job suit?

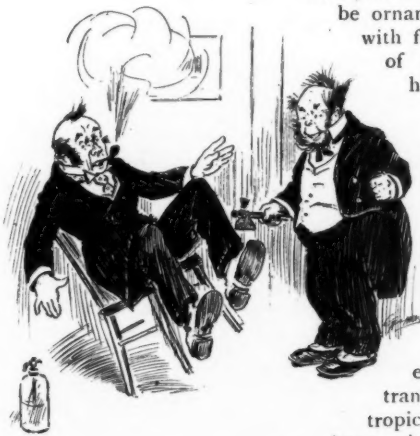
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THEY MUST WAIT.

"Oh, well, we were all beginners once!"
 "Yes; and beginners must not expect to get as much amusement out of the game as they afford to others."



he comes now; and, as I live, he is makin' a speech to the gang, and we hear a hoarse voice announcin' that if it is illicit it will give ivery wan of its fri'nds an office, and fill up all the stones in the street with broken holes, and such av the gintlemen as happen to be ornamintin' the rock-pile will be served with free beer ivery half hour be ordher of Congressman Gilhooley, bedad! hooray! hooray! hooray! And we know that the hoarse voice has got red mickflannigan phwiskers on its neck even before it walks in at the centre door and says that it would have been here sooner if it had n't met McLuberty down an the carner and he very wittily said to it so-and-so.

"After that anything can be done and it won't be out of place, except that there are a few long-established rules that must not be transgressed. When a lady sings a tropical—I mean, topical; aw, I d' know, either; guess I'll let it go at that—song, she must yell the first word of every line; such is the law. When Gilhooley lights his pipe in the parlor and flings the match outside it has got to fall with a thud like a saw-log—farce comedy matches are obliged to be just that heavy. A moment later his pipe must explode with a great blaze of red flame; that's a way that farce comedy tobacco always has. Also, Gilhooley is everlastin'ly fallin' asleep—it 'pears to be chronic with variety comedians—and instead of wakin' him by the ordinary methods, they are obliged to arouse him by choppin' a pick-ax into his skull or bustin' a barrel over his head or settin' his left foot afire. They have got to do these things b'cuz they are farce comedy people, and it would n't be a farce comedy if they did n't. Everybody takes a whack at Gilhooley, and breaks things over his head and sticks other things into his back, b'cuz it's his reception; and the statutes clearly provide that when you entertain an Irish politician you must beat and maul and chop him and chase him and fall over him and set his plug-hat on fire and lean a ladder against him and run up it and extinguish the conflagration with a bottle of beer, and so forth; if you don't he wont enjoy himself; and, besides, that is what the audience pays for. The average person is so constituted that it tickles him to see his

THE SAW-BUCK.

The Saw-Buck is a fearsome beast,
 The tramp objects to it, at least.
 When to the housewife he applies
 For coffee or for apple-pies,
 Right speedily he'll turn and leave her
 When he is seized with Saw-Buck Fever.

Carolyn Wells.

CAUSE FOR CONGRATULATION.

DRUMMER.—Any mail for me—John H. Klawback?
 PETTYVILLE POSTMASTER.—Nope!
 DRUMMER.—Good! The firm has n't fired me yet!

IN THE WEST.

FIRST TOURIST.—They say the Indians of this region were fierce warriors.

SECOND TOURIST.—Yes; they did n't smoke the pipe of peace often enough to get a tobacco heart.

AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

HE.—I can't let you have your own way in everything. I must draw the line somewhere.

SHE.—Very well. I'll let you know where you'd better draw it!

EVOLUTION BELOW STAIRS.

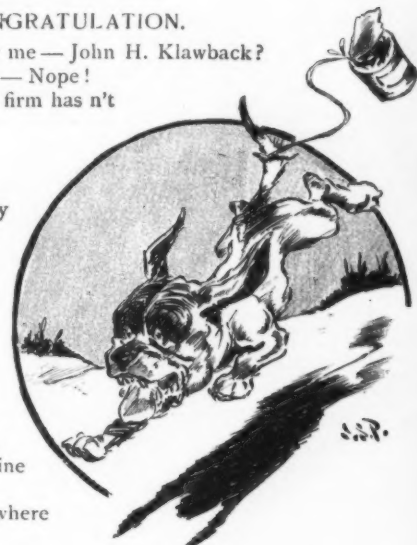
"Cook wants a week off"

"What for?"

"She says she wants to take chafing-dish lessons, so she can get a more stylish place."

SPEED AND ENDURANCE.

"Gee! I'm all out of breath, and this thing that 's chasin' me seems to be as fresh as ever!"



FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING.

"Mrs. Gazzam knows her husband like a book," opined Mrs. Trotter.
 "Like a check-book," added Mrs. Giddings.

feller-man get the worst of it; we say that we are thankful that we are not as badly situated as someone else, but the truth is that we are grateful b'cuz somebody else is lots worse off than we are. That is human nature.

"But, say! I have got an idea for a farce that ought to win out like shootin' fish in a barrel. Take the prevailin' fashion of dramatizin' popular novels; the plays make money b'cuz of the advertisin' the wide circulation of the books have given 'em. There's 'David Harum,' and 'Richard Carvel,' and so on. If they'd been written as plays in the first place, the probabilities are that they'd have turned over on their backs and died without a struggle. My scheme is to put up a comedy in which the characters shall be as well known, and even better, than the titles of such books; folks whose pictures we have seen so often that their linaments are as familiar, so to express it, to the amusement-lovin' public as the nose on your face.

"Take, now, Lydia E. Pinkham, \$3.00-shoe Douglas, Jones, or Binghamton, who pays the freight; the Pepsin Gum man; the wise guy that won't take anything but So-and-so's shaving-soap any quicker than he'd pick up a live snake, and as many others as you want that are equally prominent, and put them in a rippin', roarin' farce, and have William Jennin's Bryan kinder hangin' around the edges for the rest to beat and kick and chop and dance on; and would n't that be a killer? You may say the idea is pretty far-fetched, but all them people are public characters, and, just the same, would n't it win, har? Would n't it? 'Tennyrate, I do think there is a profitable hint in the middle of it that sooner or later some thrifty chap will grab up and utilize to his own great profit.

"But, to get back where I started, I like the farce comedy b'cuz it don't make you tire yourself out thinkin'. I am a good deal like the Chinese diplomat at the Inaugural Ball; He asked who all them gayly dressed people kavoortin' around the floor were, and was informed that they were members of some of the swellest families in America; whereupon he replied that in China they pay people to dance for 'em. I like a show where the folks on the stage do the work."

Tom P. Morgan.



THE BLUEBIRD AND THE CROCUS.



SAID THE Bluebird to the Crocus:
 "By what kind of hocus-pocus
 Did they gull us into thinking that the time had come
 for Spring?
 I do naught but shake and shiver
 As I watch the frozen river,
 While I crouch against a tree trunk, for I can not move
 a wing."

SAID the Crocus to the Bluebird:
 "Why, I surely thought you knew, bird,
 Of the regular arrangement that was made to kill
 the fruit.
 Seems to me that you should know by
 This time signs that you could go by
 Ere you start out on your travels in a light-weight
 Summer suit."

SAID the Bluebird to the Crocus:
 "Oh, now! please don't try to joke us
 Little birds who have a welcome for Spring frozen in our throats!"
 SAID the Crocus to the Bluebird:
 "Much I sympathize with you, bird;
 But your memory should tell you when you should present your notes!"

Then the Crocus nodded sagely,
 As it gave a yellow smile
 To the Bluebird, as it shivered on the bough.
 And the Bluebird wished most earnestly
 That Now was Afterwhile;
 Or, at any rate, that Afterwhile was Now.

Wood Levette Wilson.

THOSE SUBURBAN VOLUNTEER HOSE COMPANIES.

FIRST SUBURBANITE (*after the fire*).—I suppose the damage from water was worse than that from fire.

SECOND SUBURBANITE.—Yes. But the damage to my whiskey was worse than from both put together! It took seven quart-bottles of ten-year-old and a jug of old Scotch to go around among the members of the Lonelyville Volunteer Hose Company.

THE ONLY RESULT.

"He chased the car for two blocks—"
 "Did he catch it?"
 "No. The conductor gave him an exhibition of rapid transit."

HOMOGENEOUS.

The wise man is strong in his wisdom,
 The foolish man weak in his folly;
 But the high and the low,
 As they come and they go,
 Are all easy marks for a jolly.

CHARGE AND COUNTER-CHARGE.

It is bargain-day on the Avenue. Those winged germs, the advertisements in the Sunday papers, have spread the fever of acquisitiveness, and hither flock the victims, eager-eyed, stern-mouthed, purse clutched in hand. Through the flapping shop-doors they swarm, leaving behind them, on the curbstone, civility and decent regard for the rights of others. Inside, they storm the large tables, over which immense blazoned placards predicate cheapness as miraculous as to equal donation. The ten-cent ribbon heaps it-



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ADMIRATION.

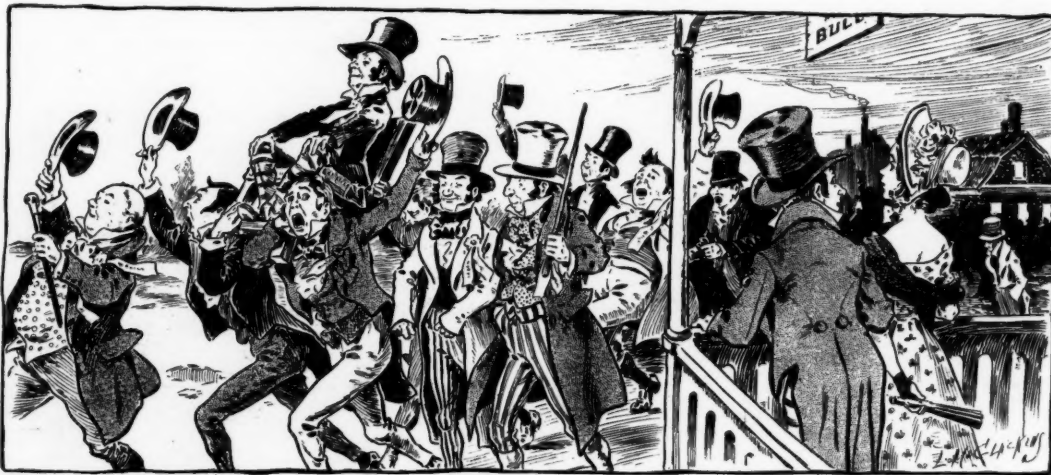
"Mean ter say she 's a white gal?"
 "In course she is."
 "Golly! I reckon no cullud gal cud look as much like a white gal as dat gal looks like a cullud gal."

self in dazzling tangles, and is snarled and jerked by scores of excited hands. Tin silverware twinkles its ignis fatuus to the downfall of overtempted thrift. Small bottles of scent draw customers like flies. As one observes the buyers and sees in their present costume the result of past purchases, one wonders that they should ever be allowed to buy anything again. The crowd increases; the air is hot and heavy. The cash-tubes shoot and rumble, while the disgusted shop-girls answer shortly and call irritably to each other. The floorwalkers stride the aisles like sea captains in a storm. The hum and buzz are stifling. There arises the wail of infants, to whom shopping means not the excitement of the chase, but a dreary lower world of clumping feet and smothering skirts and locomotion by one overtaxed arm. Even for one's faith, such struggle were much to undergo, but for hair-pins?

A small door gives upon a back street, where is unpeopled space and quiet sunshine; and escaping through it with relieved breath, one cries with King Francis watching his lions fight:

"Faith, gentlemen,
 We're better here
 than there!"

Katharine Perry.



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AT THE OLD-TIME ELECTION.

"That is the candidate, my dear. A man of rare courage!"
 "It would seem so. Why, they might topple him over at any moment!"



PUCK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Wednesday, April 17, 1901.—No. 1259.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE CAPTIVE REBEL. THE BRINGING in of Aguinaldo will give us one less topic to discuss, dispute, quarrel or fight about, according to our temperaments. At this writing the Filipino leader is a citizen of the United States, sworn to conduct himself at all times in truth and allegiance to that government, to give no comfort to its enemies and to feed upon no mental reservation as to this loyalty. Also he is said to be composing a manifesto to his people with the object of ending the insurrection in a formal manner. Probably he will be watched in a paternal sort of way until it becomes certain that he has his new citizenship "on straight." But, whether he succeeds in wearing it gracefully or not, the "war in the Philippines" will presently be a late war, for the people he led are becoming persuaded that some blessings are not to be avoided. Meantime it should not go unnoticed that the method by which Aguinaldo was acquired has been unreservedly condemned by several authorities. It is described as involving "deceit, forgery and trickery." No word, it seems, was sent ahead to the rebel leader telling him the hour he might expect his captors, nor can it be ascertained that any determined effort was made to let him know that he was to be captured at all. So far as appears from the telegraphic reports the most cowardly reticence was observed by all concerned in the plot, and the victim was dishonestly permitted to remain in complete ignorance of it until the time came for its execution. Among those who have expressed horror at this unfairness we note, The Girls' High School Debating Club of Ray's Crossing, Indiana; the Hon. Edward Atkinson; a committee from the Home for Aged and Indigent Respectable Females of South Boston; the *Prison Mirror* and the *New York Evening Post*. As the latter remarks, "We need hardly point out what an outcry at Filipino perfidy and boxer-like savagery would have arisen if an American General had been caught by such a trick." Dear, dear, no! Of course you need n't!

GENERAL FUNSTON. APPROVAL of Funston's promotion has been something short of unanimous. Civilians have generally liked it. The romance of it won them. A man without previous military training enters the volunteer army as a Colonel of Infantry and in three years becomes a Brigadier General in the regular army, in line for the commandership of that body, —gaining this advancement by displays of courage, zeal and efficiency in a series of gallant and thrilling adventures. That is the kind of thing we all like to read about. In the regular army, however, there are officers who will learn with anything but delight of this spectacular person's promotion over their heads—veterans who were already holding their commissions while Funston was yet on the exclusively milk diet. Their annoyance, too, is as seemly as the popular rejoicing. Perhaps the best thing to be said of a promotion like this is that it does n't happen often. The next best thing to be said of it is that it ought to happen once in a while. The regular army officer calls it discouraging; but if it could n't possibly occur a valuable stimulus would be removed from the ken of the volunteer. We should say that it ought to happen just often enough to encourage the volunteer, but not often enough to take heart out of the regulars. Men like Funston must be had one way or another, training or no training.

THE ROYAL TARGETS. THE HEAD that wears a crown is lying more than usually uneasy just now. It must often be uncertain whether it is worth while to have the crown blocked and ironed from one day to another. The Czar of all the Russians seems to lead in the

matter of narrow escapes. What with mines under the palace and informal bomb-tossing and members of his household darting in at odd moments to make him nervous with their bad pistol-shooting, his lot is not to be envied by any one above the grade of chimney-sweep. Even if these critics fail to "pot" him in the back they will eventually have him worried to death. And there appears to be no way out of it. The man is as utterly a slave to his conditions as the most helpless serf under him.

Then there is the mighty ruler of Germany, War Lord and August Everything. Yet we suspect him of deception; — of wishing to appear as one that reigns with his life in his hands, — and of being secretly mortified that he attracts so little attention from journeymen assassins. It is true that an imbecile epileptic hurled at him some missile, as to the nature of which there is much mystery, and which is said to have marred the gracious surface of the royal visage for some days. But in the victim's behavior over the affair there is distinctly a "me too" flavor. It is plainly not in accord with his notions of his own dignity that others of God's appointees should be assaulted and not he. It was imperative for him to get in line, one way or another, so that he might make a speech to his troops, and warn the burghers of Berlin of what would happen to them if anything happened to him. As a matter of fact, William is probably the safest ruler in Europe. His rule is not oppressive, and truly no one with a sense of humor would ever kill him.

The Sultan of Turkey, more favored than the others, has been just missed by an earthquake. No cheap hired assassins for him. The Emperor of Germany promptly congratulates him upon the "manifest manner in which God has protected your Majesty's precious life," adding that he could not conceal his admiration of the Sultan's bravery in face of the earthquake. But it is easy to see that this invidious phenomenon threw William into a rage of envy. He will not be satisfied until he gets an earthquake devoted exclusively to himself, and he has doubtless already composed a stinging rebuke with which to abash it.

But if we were the Czar of Russia we should quietly pack a spacious freight-car full of money and remove to Paris or some quiet spot where we might pass many placid years in whole-skinned uselessness. He has made the mistake of letting a thinker run loose in his domain; and that same peace-loving, truly Christian thinker will doubtless some day be his virtual slayer.

PROGRESS seems to consist in the rediscovery of things that were found out in China.

JINGOISM is a virulent disease, but it is easily stamped out. Revenue stamps are especially efficacious.

THE REPUBLICAN party's fondness for peanut politicians is perhaps but another manifestation of its elephantine nature.



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CHEERFUL READING.

ISAACS.—How I lofe to read off dem gallant firemen safing vimmen unt children!
ABRAMS.—Ach, yes! Vile dey 're safing vimmin unt children dey can't be safing goots!



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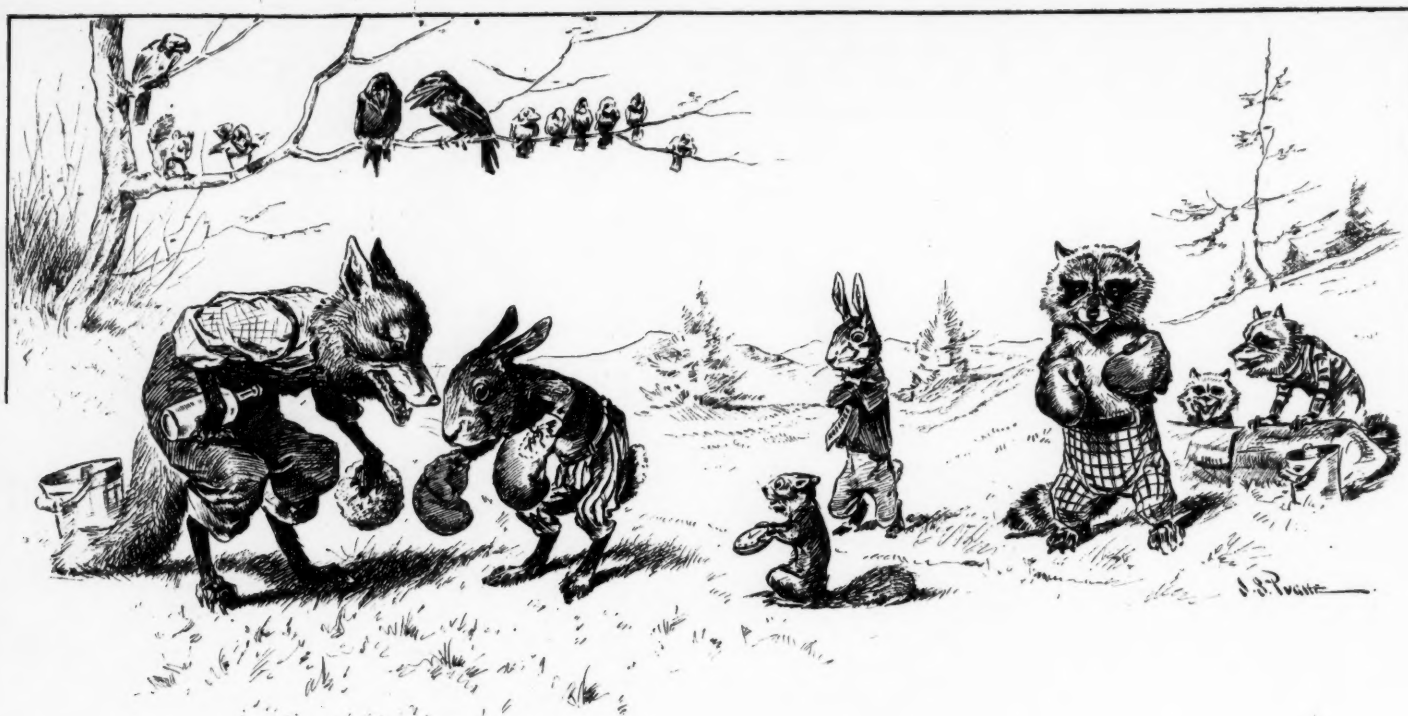
GOOD GOVERNMENT VS. REVOL

PUCK.



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

S. REVOLUTION;—AN EASY CHOICE.



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A LAST INJUNCTION.

FOX. — Suck him in the solar plexus! Black eyes, you know, don't show on coons.

THE NICKNAMING AGE.

THE FIRST thing a boy does when he gets out of skirts and into those diminutive, clover-leaf garments he calls "pants," is to give some helpless playfellow a nickname. The transition from the skirt-age to the trouser-age seems to rouse in him that satiric propensity whose first and mildest manifestation is the invention of names to correspond with personal peculiarities. From that time, until manhood sobers him, the boy finds a certain wicked delight in substituting for the meaningless "given" names of his companions such terse, expressive appellatives as shall best indicate, to his mind, the leading characteristics of each. In this, of course, he is only going back to the more picturesque and sensible fashion of primitive peoples, who always gave their children names that meant something, and would have been ashamed to slink out of the responsibility by fastening upon a child such a colorless, meaningless name as "Reginald" or "Gertrude." The characterless affectation of such a name always strikes, and offends, a boy who has arrived at the trouser-age, and he can not rest until he has supplanted it with something that has a strong tang of the personal quality of the subject.

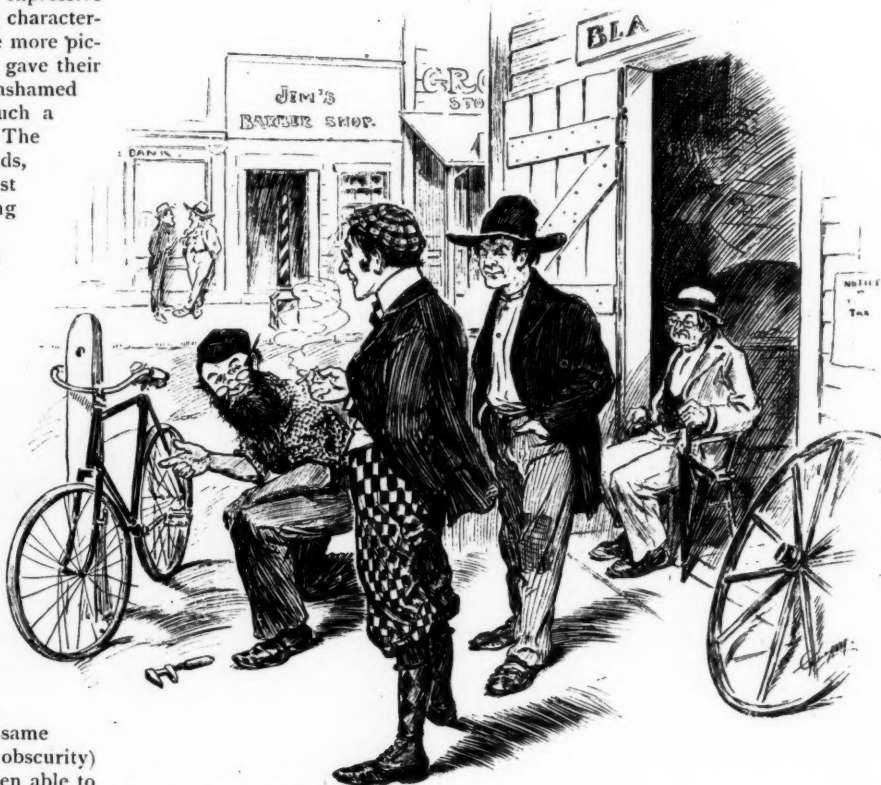
I remember well my own arrival at the nicknaming age; what keen, secret, whimsical delight I took in branding my playfellows, as it were, with some odd name, that half a century of conventional life has scarcely served, in some instances, to rub away. And I, of course, was branded with the rest—for none of us was more skillful than another in this labelling of character. It is the natural and happy gift of all boys.

The smallest boy in school, in those days of my nicknaming boyhood, was also the most patriarchal in appearance—a little, wizened fellow, with colorless hair, pallid skin, pinched and shrunken features, and a general air of sad solemnity and *cunni* that would have been distressing had we not known his real and unctuous delight in life, and his extraordinary aptitude for mischief. But the nickname which fastened itself upon him was as inevitable as fate; and to this day he is affectionately and familiarly addressed by some of his old-time playmates as "Dad."

Next to him in diminutiveness was a boy of almost equal shrunken appearance, but of a sourer and less sunshiny disposition; and him we called (as I shall always think, by the same kind of direct and plenary inspiration that saved Shakspeare from obscurity) "Stewed Lemons." Why the qualifying term, I have never been able to determine, though I have faithfully tried to go back and analyze my own subtle sense of satisfaction in using the appellation in full. To one unacquainted with the boy, "Lemons" might seem to have been sufficient. Yet there was certainly something in his appearance or character which required the added richness of verbal color, or subtlety of psychological

distinction, implied in the adjective "Stewed." I have tried a thousand times to determine what it was, but the quality escapes me with the elusiveness of a sunbeam. I only know that, if the reader had been a boy and associated as we did with the subject of these remarks, "Lemons" would have seemed a most insipid and inadequate nickname. But "Stewed Lemons!"—Ah! the full, supreme, opulent satisfaction of applying and perpetuating such a triumph of off-hand nomenclature! One's soul rejoiced in the very utterance of it.

In direct contrast to these diminutive characters I have named was



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ONE THING AT A TIME.

REPAIRMAN.—This wheel ain't worth fixing. Why don't you buy a new one?

SPROCKETS.—Can't! I just bought this bicycle-suit!

THE GO-LIGHTLY KIND

"Imperial Wheels"



OF course you are going to ride a wheel this year.

Then it's just a question of which wheel.

There's a chance here for a grand mistake.

Better ask the opinion of IMPERIAL riders while you are about it.

Then call on our dealer in your vicinity, and let him show you the wheel.

The 1901 Models ought to be seen to be thoroughly appreciated.

But if it is not convenient for you to see them, send for our new Catalog.

It is not quite equal to seeing them, but you will understand why IMPERIALS are good wheels. And when you buy an IMPERIAL Bicycle you will be satisfied.

That will impress the excellence of IMPERIALS upon your friends.

That's the way IMPERIAL sales grow.

Cleveland Sales Department
WESTFIELD, MASS.

WESTERN OFFICE:
Blackhawk Street & Cherry Avenue
Chicago

the big boy of the school—the offspring of a butcher; large, chubby, red-faced, of phenomenal strength, and with a disposition as tyrannical as Nero's. In his case, also, the springing up of a nickname was like the birth of Minerva. Indeed, what else could he have been called in accordance with the eternal harmony of things, save "Bullo" Sprague? "Bullo!"—how he looked it; with his thick, bovine neck and shaggy eternally aggressive front! So divinely apt was the name that I have no recollection of its subject ever resenting it. The implication—if, indeed, he sensed it—was lost in the rampant, explosive, triumphantly rotund, bellowing sound of those magic syllables.

"Bullally" was the onomatopoeic designation of a certain tall, lazy school-fellow, who had a kind of thick, gurgling, oleaginous impediment of speech, wonderfully in keeping with his chronic indolence; and, indeed, I suppose, one of its manifestations. To hear "Bullally" read out of the Third Reader was an experience in phonetics. His reading was, as near as I can express it, an undulating vocal blur of the whole paragraph. The teacher—good soul!—sternly suppressed her emotions; but delicacy forms no part of a schoolboy's make-up, and I have seen water running in the Desert of Sahara, as I bent my convulsed face over Africa during "Bullally's" performance. On the playground "Bullally" lost his impediment, and could shout as clearly and denounce as forcibly as any of us. But in the Temple of Learning his articulation thickened in sympathy with his wits.

There was another boy—but why should I go on? Endless the list of nicknames I might call up, testifying to the insight, the imagination, the mimicking power of youth—whole cartoons in a word; nutshell satires; broadsides of wit as freely scattered as paper wads. Oh! for more of the discerning power and spontaneity of youth in our maturer years! What vividly and witheringly characteristic names we might then call our political opponents! How the appellatives that rushed to our lips would unmask the little autocrats of literature, art and society!

James Buckham.

UNEASY LIES the head that does n't know how long it is going to wear a crown.

THE BOERS do not seem to know the inevitable by sight and persist in declining to be introduced.

SPEAKING of the revenue laws, of course, being a cultivated people, we had rather applaud the war otherwise than by stamping.

Papa says he can't help
feeling stylish in
"LION BRAND"
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LION BRAND shirts and collars and cuffs fit you because they fit each other. Two collars or two cuffs cost 25 cents. It does n't pay to pay more. Shirts cost \$1, \$1.50 or \$2, depending on the kind you want. Ask your furnisher. If he does n't carry them in stock we will send the name of one who will supply you. Do not send us money. UNITED SHIRT & COLLAR CO., Makers, Troy, N. Y.

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For every young man by moderate outlay to place himself on the road to wealth is offered by

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The Endowment Policy is especially adapted to this purpose.

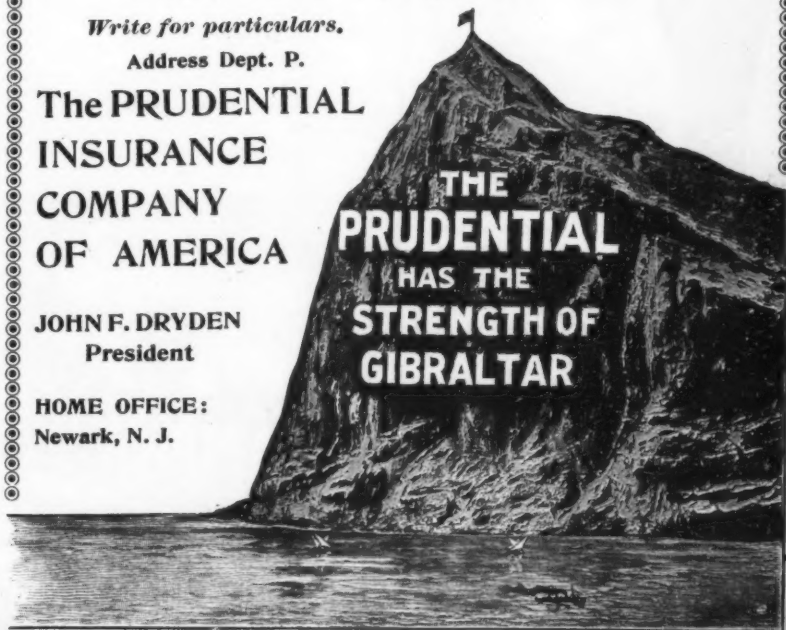
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must wear well to make friends. Keiser - Barathean Cravattings have been steadily and rapidly increasing their circle of friends for years.

Ask your Haberdasher and note label.



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They're Popular because in material and mixing no better Cocktail was passed over any bar.

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The Standard for Gentlemen

ALWAYS EASY

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The **Velvet Grip** CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Sample pair, Silk 50c. Cotton 25c.
Mailed on receipt of price.
GEO. FROST CO., Makers
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

WHEN you put a nickel in the baby's bank you are really giving it to its mother. — *Atchison Globe*.

He kept growing crosser and thinner. His head aching all the day long: I thought him a crabbed old sinner. But now I confess I was wrong. Since with R.I.P.A.N.S he's prefaced each dinner He has grown kind and good, well and strong.

Established 1823.

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That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO., Baltimore Md.

DON'T knock if things don't suit you; if there is no electric bell to push, your grievance is too old-fashioned to worry about. — *Atchison Globe*.

A PARADOXICAL MENTOR.

"Since everybody gives advice Unto the new-made king," A grave philosopher declared, "I'll do the self-same thing. I should adopt a policy Which I believed was right, And I would never depart from it At morning, noon or night.

"I would not heed the clamorous tongues Which wag on every hand. My own position I would choose And there I'd firmly stand, Regardless of the warning words Expounded, hit or miss. I should not take advice at all — Perhaps not even this."

— *Washington Star*.

GAVE HIMSELF AWAY.

MRS. BINKS (with a disgusted air). — That Aunt Sallie, who writes the articles in the household department of this paper, is n't a woman at all. It's a man.

MR. BINKS. — Why so?

MRS. BINKS. — Here's an article that says woman's proper sphere is the home. — *New York Weekly*.

PLENTY OF TIME.

HE. — And now, darling, when do you think we would better announce our engagement?

SHE. — Oh! There is no hurry, dear! Any time within the next twenty-four hours. — *Harper's Bazar*.

MR. CRIMSONBEAK. — Those Chicago wives remind me of an umbrella.

MRS. CRIMSONBEAK. — Because you can shut 'em up, I suppose?

"No."

"Because they've got good strong ribs, I suppose?"

"Not at all."

"Well, I'm out of answers."

"Because after a few years you can't tell whom she originally belonged to."

— *Yonkers Statesman*.



The name "Flammariion" upon opera and field glasses is a guarantee of faultless optical construction, perfect definition and great light-gathering power.

Originality of design and artistic effect. From \$5.00 up.

See that each glass bears the name "Flammariion."

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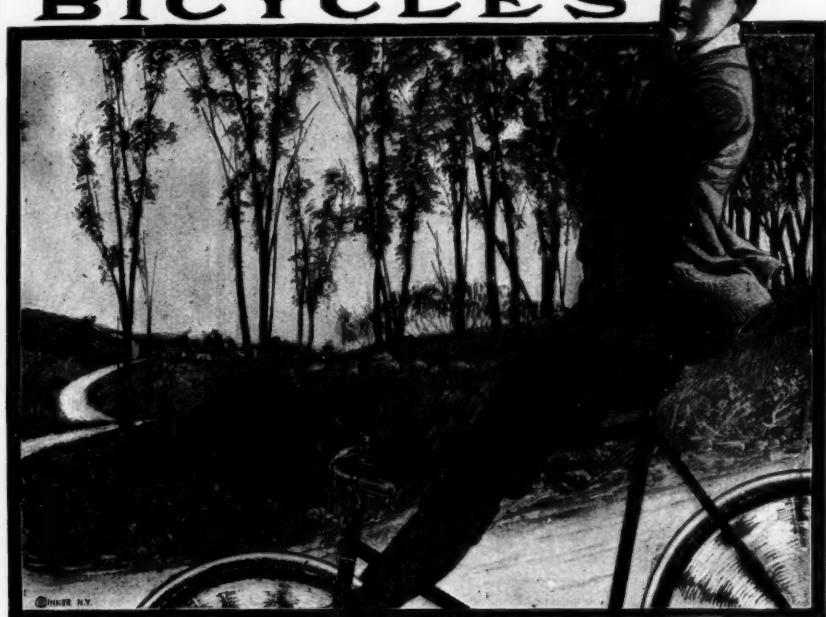
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— *Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.*

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If you desire to make a reputation as an expert cocktail mixer, buy the "Club" brand, follow directions, and your friends will wonder where you gained the art. Many a cocktail you have drunk and complimented your host for his art of mixing—the truth is you had a "Club Cocktail." It merely required a little ice to cool it. You can do it just as well. FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

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"AND if your party came suddenly to a stream," said the story-teller, "too deep for your horse to wade over, too wide for it to jump over, and too swiftly flowing for it to swim over, what would you do?"

"Why, that's easy," said one of the party; "we'd sit down and think it over."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

VERY few men ever become prominent enough so that they are known by their last names only. — *Washington Democrat*.

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Shine on! It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 205 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Bar Keeper's Friend



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Nothing so refreshing as a half wine-glass of *Dr. Siegel's Angostura Bitters* before meals, the South American appetizer. Beware of imitation.



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... and revitalizes the whole body. ...

Pupils are of both sexes, ranging in age from fifteen to eighty-six, and all recommend the system. Since no two people are in the same physical condition, individual instructions are given in each case. Write at once, mentioning PUCK, for full information and convincing endorsements from many of America's leading citizens.
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BROTHER DICKY'S SUNDAY SAVINGS.

Ef hit wuz n't fer de hope what's ahead er us some folks would be ten dollars behind time ever' day in de week.

De worl' is doin' de bes' hit kin wid de material on han'. De only trouble is — some er de material is mighty po' timber.

Rich mens hez dey troubles as well as po' mens. I rickollect I had two dollars once en hit took me two weeks ter know what ter do wid it.

Hit's a mighty great consolation ter think, in de time er trouble, dat de poverty er dis worl' is de riches er heaven.

Now we sees th'oo' a glass darkly; en some er us is 'bleege ter buy de glass on de installment plan.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP

A Winner at the Poles.

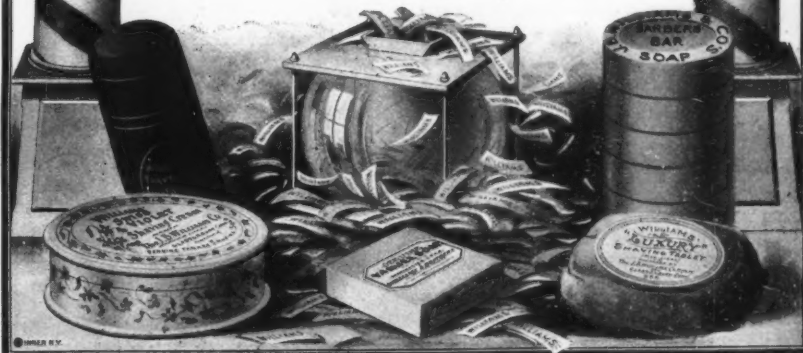
During the more than sixty years of its existence, Williams' Shaving Soap has received the unanimous vote, not only of barbers, but also of the public, as the first in quality and popular esteem.

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PHILOSOPHIC PAPA.

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When he his nightly squall begins
I hug him to my breast and bless
My lucky stars he is n't twins.
—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

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Vartray Ginger Ale receives highest award at Exposition — An American product.

The Vartray Water Co., of Buffalo, N. Y., is to be congratulated on its exceptional victory at the Paris Exposition of 1900. In competition with the leading manufacturers of the world, in a class numbering 611 exhibitors, it was awarded the gold medal, the only and highest award, for the superior excellence of its Vartray Ginger Ale. This must be indeed gratifying to the Vartray Co. as it is to all America. The victory is a doubly congratulatory one, as it proves decisively that an American ginger ale is superior to the imported. The much-vaunted products of Belfast, Ire., were also in the competition.

SOME people can be flattered by one thing and some by another, but all can be flattered.—*Washington Democrat*.

A JOLLY should be heard only by the person for whom it is intended. To others it is an emetic. — *Atchison Globe*.

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THE faith cure goes too far one way; allopathy goes too far the other. — *Atchison Globe.*

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The very
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On Draught or in Bottles.
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over all competitors.

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TOMMY SMILES.— Say, Pa, what does "W. C. T. U." stand for?
MR. SMILES.— Out in Kansas it stands for "When Carrie Turns Up." —
Norristown Herald.



NOT A SUFFICIENT OBJECTION.

MR. ELDERLY.— Think they will marry? They don't seem quite suited to each other.

HIS WIFE.— No; but that does n't keep people from marrying.

ONE "J. Shelter," of Wisconsin, sends us one of Mrs. Browning's sonnets, signed with his own name; and in a postscript he says he is willing to take \$3 for it. We can get the whole of 'em, however, for \$1.25.— *Atlanta Constitution.*

"AS IF ON VELVET"

HARTFORD TIRES.

THEY TAKE ALL THE ROUGHNESS FROM THE ROAD.

THE HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS CO.,
HARTFORD, CONN.



Old Overholt Rye

We do not fill short-measure bottles & &

Bottled in Bond
direct from the barrel.

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Thousands of People

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Dr. Deimel's Linen-Mesh Underwear has become famous the world over for its healthfulness and comfort in all sorts of weather, and all seasons of the year.



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And see that you get it.

WELL SATISFIED.

BLIFFERS.—Buncom is a self-made man, is n't he?

WIFFERS.—Yes, What made you think so?

BLIFFERS.—He seems to be so well satisfied with the job.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

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Suits and Top Coats

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ROCHESTER,
N.Y.



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No. 7

"What Men of Fashion
Will Wear

SPRING AND SUMMER

1901"

THE COLONEL'S OPINION.

"What do you think of smashing all the plate glass and mahogany bar fixtures in Kansas?"

"It's a good idea," said Col. Stillwell. "A genuine connoisseur is perfectly satisfied with a tin cup and right of way to the barrel. In nine cases out of ten, these chandeliers and brass trimmings are merely devices to disguise bad liquor."—*Washington Star.*

A GOOD PAIR OF TIRES



for \$2.95 per pair
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Will plug and repair as good as any high-grade tire. Send for a pair at once. None sent C. O. D., but we will refund your money if not satisfactory.

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ASK YOUR DEALER:
If he does not sell them, send his name and address and \$1.00 to
W. K. GRESH & SONS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
who will send you a box of 25, express prepaid.

WHEN a man throws himself away, it can be always depended upon that some woman will find him. — *Atchison Globe.*

EXPEDIENCY is seldom expedient. — *Ram's Horn.*

If any persons still doubt the superiority of the Sohmer Piano let them try for themselves and be convinced, not only that the Sohmer is the best, but that it will continue to be the best.

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LOW-DOWN MEANNESS.

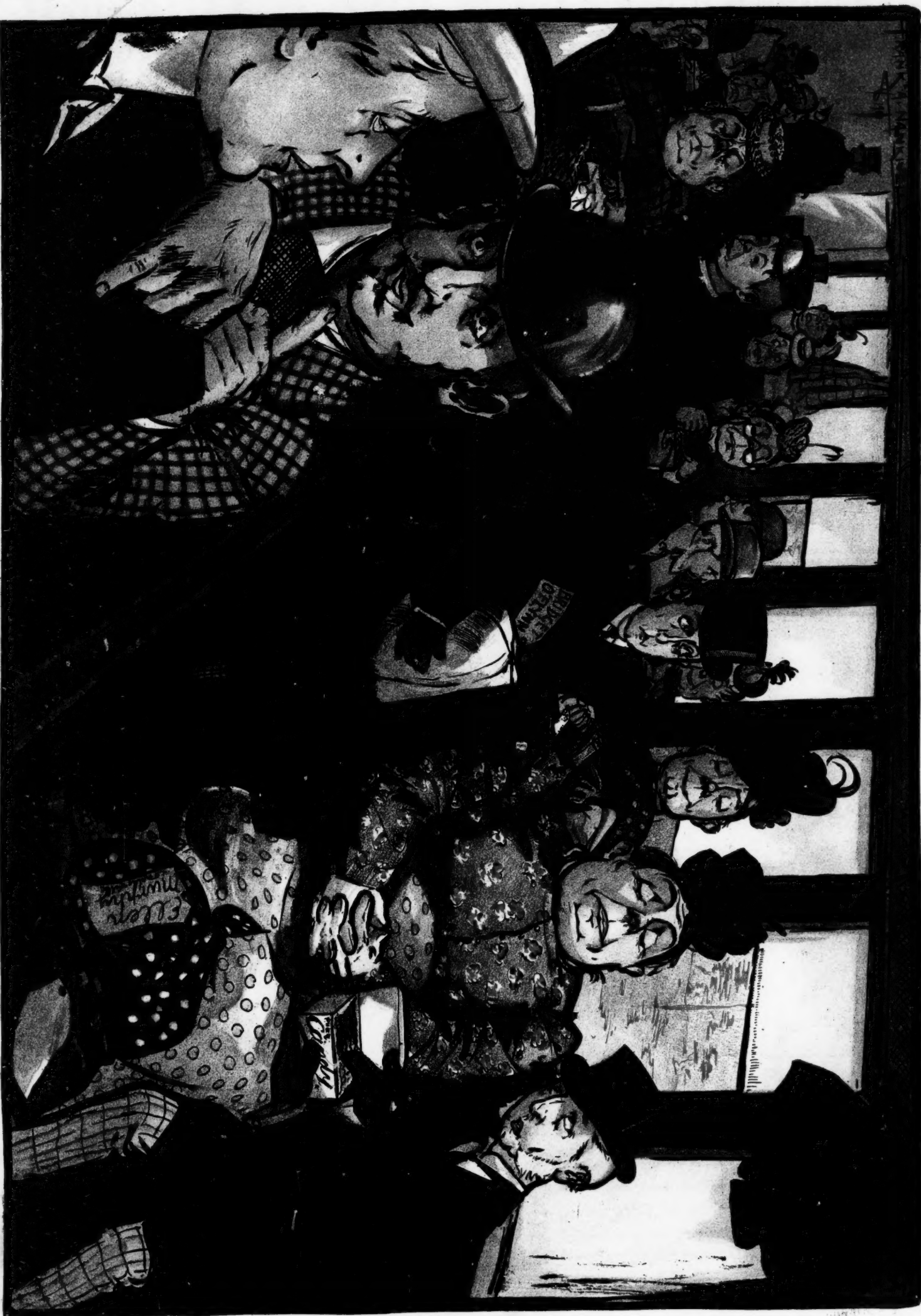
CASEY.—Thot was a mean thrick th' boss played on th' boys!

CASSIDY.—Phwat was thot?

CASEY.—Whin they shtrucked he raised their pay before they even hod toime to go out and get a dhrink.

No wine has a purer bouquet than *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne*. It is the pure juice of the grapes fermented.

Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters—exhilarates and invigorates. Stimulates energy and makes work easy. Sold by druggists and grocers everywhere.



SUBURBAN DIPLOMACY.

CITY FRIEND (on suburban train).—Do you call this train the "Millionaires' Train" or the "Flyer"? I see it makes no stops at the smaller stations. MR. ISOLATE (of Lonelyville).—Neither! We call this the "Cooks' Express"—because we make it a point to bring our new cooks out on it; it does n't make Lonelyville seem so far out from the city as the slow accommodations do.